Rich, Oh Villaines, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogs, eafily won to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that ſting my heart,
Three Iudaſſes, each one thrice worſe then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre,
Vpon their ſpotted ſoules for this Offence.
Scroope, Sweet love (I ſee) changing his property,
Turnes to the ſowreſt, and moſt deadly hate:
Againe uncurſe their ſoules: their peace is made
With Heads, and not with hands: thoſe whom you curſe
Have felt the worſt of deaths deſtroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is *Buſhy*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltſhire dead
Scroope. Yea, all of them at Briſtow loſt their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?
Rich. No matter where, of comfort no man ſpeake:
Let's talke of Graves, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make duſt our Paper, and with Rainy Eyes
Write ſorrow in the boſome of the Earth.
Let's chuſe Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not ſo; for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our lives, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that ſmall modell of the barren Earth,
Which ſerves as paſte, and cover to our bones:
For Heavens ſake let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings:
How ſome have beene depos'd, ſome ſlaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghoſts they have depos'd,
Some poyſon'd by their Wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique ſits
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infuſing him with ſelfe and vaine conceit,

As if this Fleſh, which wal
VVere Braſſe impregnable:
Comes at the laſt, and with
Boares through his Caſtle V
Cover your heads, and mock
VVith ſolemne Reverence: t
Tradition, forme, and Cere
For you have but miſtooke n
I live with bread like you, f
Taſte Griefe, need Friends
How can you ſay to me, I a
Carl. My Lord; wiſe men n
But preſently prevent the wa
To feare the Foe, ſince feare
Gives in your weakeneſſe, ſt
Feare, and be ſlaine, no worſ
And fight and die, is death
VVhere fearing dying, paye
Aum. My Father hath a
And learne to make a Body
Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well
To change blowes with thee
This Ague-fit of feare is ov
An eaſie taske it is to win o
Say *Scroope*, where lies our V
Speake ſweetly man, althoug
Scroope. Men iudge by the
The ſtate and inclination of
So may you by my dull and
My tongue hath but a heavi
I play the torturer, by ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, th
Your Vncle *Yorke* is joyn'd
And all your Northerne Caſ
And all your ſoutherne Ge
Vpon his Faction.
Rich. Thou haſt ſayd enoug
Beſhrew thee Coſin, which

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